

# The Last Sayings M O U S E

Lately starved in a CURBOARD.

As they were taken, in Short-Hand, by a zealous RAKE ANDER, O  
who liveth at the Key-hole of the Cup-board-Door.

Wretch that I am, and is it come to This?  
O short continuall of Earthly Bliss!  
Did I for this, forsake my Country-Eale,  
My Liberty, my Bacon, Beans, and Peale?

Give me a morsel, I am starv'd  
Call ye me This the Breeding of the Town,  
Which my young Master brag'd when he came down?  
Fool that I was! I heard my Father say  
(A Reverend Mousie he was, and his Beard gray.)

Young Hunt-cram, mark me well, you need nof come  
And leave me and your Mother here at home  
Great is your Spirit, a high food you aim,  
But have a care — believe not lying Fame  
Vast Bodies oft are mov'd by slender Springs,  
And great: Men, and great Tables are fine things  
Affection by selfe shall not bind that bones  
He that lookes beneifts not his bones dinner  
For I have seen Qua ifid On a laide Cloak  
Poor as I am, I have a Belly croak  
And at the same time heald his Belly croak  
By sad Experience how I find it well.

Old Hunt-cram years ago dran Siderophel  
And must I alay anctis there no R. alisk? No low  
No Cheese, though I give over thoughts of Beef?  
Where is grave Madge, and brisk Grimalkin now?  
Before whole Set our R. are wort no bow!

No *Owl*, no *Cat* to end my woful dayes ?  
 No *Gresham Engine* my lean Corps to squeeze ?  
 I'd rather fall to Foes a noble Prey,  
 Than squeek my Soul out under Lock and Key.  
 What's This ? -- a piffing Candle's latter end ?  
 My dear-beloved *Country-Save-all Friend* ?  
 Thou dreadful Emblem of Mortality,  
 Ingloriotis *Affront* to *Life* and me  
 O *barbarous Drottery* of my cruel Fate !  
 This shadow of a *Comfort* comes too late.  
 I faint -- What's this ? a *Wafer* ? --- Good again !  
 What mean the Fates thus to prolong my pain ?  
 Though *Mice* of greater *Quality* than I  
 Can eat such things, and be content to die,  
 Give me a morsel of good *Bread*, I cryn.  
 And you my Brethfren *Mice*, if any beare I can  
 As yet unitary'd, in all our *Family*,  
 From your *Wofare Remains*, rise and appear,  
 To you, or to your *Ghosts*, I now draw near.  
 To my original Dust I haue apace,  
 Observe my hollow Eyes, and meager Faces,  
 And learn from me the sad *Reverse* of *Fate*,  
 'Tis better to be *Ingent* than *Great*.  
 Good *Conscience* and *Bitter* full, say I,  
 Exceeds the *Pomp* that onely feeds the *Eye*.  
 Farewel -- You see (my Friends) that knew me once  
 Pamper'd and smooth, reduced to skin and bones,  
 Poor as a *Church-mouse* ! -- O I faint and dyed I.  
 Fly, fly from *Earth* in shape of *Famine*, fly and set to bulk  
 Whilst at my Death my *Ambition* rung  
 In this my *Cup-board* and my *Coffin* too ;  
 Farewel to *Victuals*, *Greaves*, and to *You* I  
 And unto *G* I  
 No Charge (young) I give out thoughts of *Death*,  
 What else is *Grace* *Wombe*, and *pink* *Country* *Wombe*

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